

OF GOOD AND EVIL

Alexandria Place of Remarkable Contrasts.

Egyptian City Declared by Travelers Home of the Wildest Contradictions—Always Great and Proud.

Alexandria is a city of contrasts, writes Harold Lake in the London Daily Mail.

"All the cities to which one comes in the course of this pilgrimage of life leave their mark upon the memory," says Mr. Lake. "And of those cities which I have found, I cannot recall one which could show such clear-cut contrasts of good and evil, of beauty and ugliness, of splendor and loathsome filth as Alexandria, that white gate of Egypt, where in these days there are riots, confusion and turmoil. It lives in the mind as the home of the wildest contradictions, a place adorable and detestable, sacred and vile.

"As your boat feels its way landward through the shifting sands which guard its harbor Alexandria changes from a mere flash on the horizon to a tall, gleaming city, watching those perilous waters with the insolence of intolerable age. In some queer way you feel that the whole place is judging you and finding you wanting. It is so very, very old. There may be electric tramway cars and petrol-driven machines in its streets, and many of its houses may look like bits of Paris transplanted bodily to that southern Mediterranean shore, but the spirit of the city survives those accidents of today and compels you to remember how great and proud a place it was while Britain was still a wilderness.

"As is the town, so are its people, and one becomes curiously aware of their scorn. It is true that they will debate themselves to the dust in the hope of obtaining half a plaster, that fawning and flattery are among the chief of their arts, and that they will obey with cringing zeal any order you may choose to give—but behind it all is their contempt.

"All the tides of the east and the west meet in those sun-swept streets. The most modern of motor cars will be checked in its progress by the passing of some madly decorated funeral procession; outside, a shop where goods fresh from the newest factories of Europe are sold you will find a beggar with some loathsome disease which was being exploited before a beginning was made of the writing of the Bible; you may pass in twenty minutes from the stock exchange to the catacombs, which bear witness of the Greeks who were before the Romans.

"All religion, all science, all philosophy, and all sin which the ages have known meet within the borders of the city, together with all loveliness and all those things which are most hideous.

"But the vision which remains of a quiet Coptic monastery—found in one of its back streets on a certain happy day—can be set against the echoes of the voices of those detestable Egyptians who volunteer to guide the stranger to the habitations of vice."

Giant Grasshoppers.

Grasshoppers in South America are the largest known. In that country they attain to a length of five inches, and their wings spread out ten inches.

For Raw Sore Throat

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



LUCKY ARTIST WON FORTUNE

Comfortable Sum Bequeathed Painter Who Had Reproduced Features of Beloved Daughter.

A fortune of £40,000, (\$230,000), which was bequeathed by the late Robert B. Hawley, president of the Cuban-American Sugar company, to Mr. Learned and his family was the romantic sequel to Mr. Learned having painted a portrait of the sugar magnate's dead daughter. Mr. Hawley made a fortune in the export business, and in 1896 he was elected to congress. Just after he left congress his daughter Sue died, and he was heartbroken. The only likeness that he possessed of his loved one was a small photograph, and this lacked much of the fine animation that had characterized her face.

Taking the photo Mr. Hawley went to Arthur G. Learned, a rising young artist, and asked him to make a portrait that would recall something of the inspiration the girl had been in her father's life. The picture was made and it exceeded the hopes of the grief-stricken father. The latter was so grateful that he became on the closest terms of friendship with the painter and his family. Mr. Hawley died in November and left to Mr. Learned and his wife £20,000, (\$100,000), and to their little son £20,000, (\$100,000), and a trust fund of £24,000, (\$120,000).—Manchester Guardian Weekly.

OPEN FIREPLACE A NUISANCE

Women of Past Generations Considered the Huge Affairs of Those Days as Unnecessary.

Nowadays one of the most convincing proofs that you can give to the fact that your city apartment is of the highest class and unlike the ordinary is to say that it has "open fireplace." Even a single "open fireplace" in an apartment is enough to raise it from the shoddy majority. And, of course, when we dream of owning a house in the country most of us, nine out of ten of us, think of an open fireplace as a sine qua non of such an abode.

But our grandmothers had no such opinions of open fireplaces.

Open fireplaces were a real humiliation to the woman who had them in her house 50 years or more ago. At least that feeling prevailed in this country. A small grate fire, that held a few shovels of coal, was another matter, but the sort of fireplace where logs burned across firedogs—well, it was one of the crudities that most persons did not like to possess. Yes, there was a time when a Franklin burner or a drum stove was considered more of an ornament to the well-furnished drawing room than the sort of wide-hearthed fireplace that we covet nowadays.

Section Men Watch Step.

Section men are known for their deliberate movements. They never get in a hurry unless there is some urgent work to be done. As long as they are on the go they are supposed to be working fast enough.

Track workers on the subway lines are even more deliberate in their movements than men employed on regular railroads. Where the old-time section workers had to look out for fliers and occasional freight trains, the subway track men have to be on the watch for express and local trains passing every few minutes. In addition, they've got to have a care for the third rail. In crossing the tracks every movement is taken with the death-dealing current always in mind. A hurried, reckless step might end fatally. Probably in no other line of work is efficiency so measured by slow work.

Still Survive.

"I have one grudge against 'Noah.' 'What is that?' 'He took a lot of old anecdotes into the ark.'—Louisville Courier-Journal.

These Subnormal Children.

In an address to the physicians of Peoria Dr. Borden Veeder of Washington university, St. Louis, said: "The fallacy of setting arbitrary standards for the weight and height of children without reference to their parentage is a practice which should be abolished. In judging whether a child is above or below normal the stature and weight of the parents should be considered."

ANTS ON MARCH

Seeming Proof That Instinct Is Not Infallible.

Small Creatures Dragged Themselves to Death Because No One of Them Had Any Initiative.

At six o'clock in the morning I was starting for a swim in a British Guiana jungle when, at the foot of the laboratory steps I saw a swiftly moving, broad line of army ants on safari, passing through the compound to the beach. I traced them back under the servants' quarters, through two clumps of bamboos, to an outhouse.

Later, I followed along the column down to the river sand, through a dense mass of underbrush, through a hollow log, up the bank, back through light jungle—to the outhouse again; and on a large fallen log, a few feet beyond the spot where their nest had been, the ends of the circle actually came together. It was the most astonishing thing, and I had to verify it again and again before I could believe the evidence of my eyes.

It was a strong column, six lines wide in many places, and the ants fully believed that they were on their way to a new home; for most were carrying eggs or larvae, although many had food. For an hour, at noon, during heavy rain, the column weakened and almost disappeared; but when the sun returned, the lines rejoined, and the revolution of the vicious circle continued.

Careful measurement of the great circle showed a circumference of 1,200 feet. We timed the laden ants and found that they averaged two to two and three-quarters inches a second. So a given individual would complete the round in about two hours and a half.

All the afternoon the insane circle revolved; at midnight, the hosts were still moving; the second morning many had weakened and dropped their burdens and the general pace had very appreciably slackened. But still the blind grip of instinct held them. On, on, they must go! Always before in their nomadic life there had been a goal—a sanctuary of hollow tree, snug heart of bamboo; surely this terrible grind must end somehow.

Through sun and cloud, day and night, hour after hour, there was found no ant with individual initiative enough to turn aside an ant's breadth from the circle that he had traversed perhaps 15 times.

Fewer and fewer now came along the well-worn path; burdens littered the line of march, like the arms and accoutrements thrown down by a retreating army. At last, a scanty single line struggled past—tired, hopeless, bewildered, idiotic and thoughtless to the last.

Then some half-dead ant straggled from the circle along the beach and threw the line behind him into confusion. The desperation of total exhaustion had accomplished what necessity and opportunity and normal life could not. Several others followed his scent instead of that leading back toward the outhouse; and as an amoeba gradually flows into one of its own pseudopodia, so the forlorn hope of the great Eolion army passed slowly down the beach and on into the jungle.

Would they die singly and in bewildered groups, or would the remnant draw together, and, again guided by the supermind of its mentor, lay the foundation of another army, and again come to nest in my outhouse?—William Beebe in the Atlantic Monthly.

Knew Him Well.

One summer I visited in a fashionable little town in the West. I went to a tea one afternoon, and while there met a woman who said she knew some one who lived in the town in which I also lived. She asked me if I happened to know a certain man.

I said: "Yes, I know who he is. And I remember that at one time he took a lariat rope and tried to lariat a well-educated and charming school teacher because he wanted her to marry his son. She did not seem willing, so he used these measures to force her to do so."

After this explanation of the knowledge I possessed of the man she added: "Well, my dear, he is my brother." I sought another part of the garden.—Chicago Tribune.

MEN OF GENIUS NOT "SMART"

English Professor Declares They Are, In Fact, Extremely Slow to Grasp a Point.

Defining "smartness" as the capacity to adjust oneself rapidly to the immediate circumstances, Prof. T. H. Pear, University of Manchester, said at the Educational association's annual conference at University college, that "a genius is usually anything but smart, and he distinguishes himself from the merely smart man, who lives up to the external demands, by refusing to accept the surroundings, by setting about them instead of allowing them to set about him.

"I believe that some geniuses might not achieve the topmost ranks in a good many mental tests, especially in those requiring rapid solution of problems. A genius never sees any complex problem in the same light as an ordinary person and in a mental test may appear to be stupid.

"Some brilliant scientists would make woefully bad hospital orderlies, district visitors or managers of a household. The reason is not that they cannot attune themselves to the situation."

Professor Pear divided people into two classes, the extroverts and the introverts. The extrovert was the V. C. The first class airplane fighter is a specimen of the healthy extrovert, but the mathematician who calculates the plane's stability is an equally healthy introvert.—London Daily Mail.

WILL FIGHT FOR BARGAINS

British Journal's Lament Shows That Women Are Women Though the Ocean May Divide.

A joke that blooms each January and July in the funny papers is the changed disposition of women in sale times. A good deal of it, of course, is just joke, and nothing else, but there is a certain layer of truth at the roots of it. One never does actually see shoppers hitting each other with umbrellas or stamping on the assistants, though on the opening day of the sales recently there were women with firm fingers jerking blouses away from limp, tentative fingers and elbowing through crowds in a manner that even a conductor would regret to see in a street car. Rich silk petticoats spilled off the counters on the dusty floor, and women tramped over them just as though they were clumps of buttercups. Little frail bits of lingerie were lugged at the seams in a way that was simply asking for trouble; flimsy blouses were tossed into crumpled heaps. It seemed scarcely possible that any of the goods displayed could survive the tumult and battle of this, the first day.—Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Important Matter Settled.

The discovery of an alligator fossil in the shale rock of Bay de Noc is considered by geologists to prove that this peninsula was not created until fish and other forms of animal life had begun to exist in the waters thereabouts. This must bring a great deal of satisfaction to the people living here. Scientists had asserted recently that the peninsula was formed previous to the fish era, and was therefore quite old. It seems probable now that the place was created, say, only 400,000,000 years ago, instead of 500,000,000 years ago. So the people need no longer apologize for not having a place just as new and up-to-date as any of us.—Detroit News.

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WARNED BY PHONE

Telephone Transmitters Give Alarm of Breaking Dam.

Disaster May Be Averted by Spoken Word That Travels Faster Than the Flood.

Terrible disasters have been caused by the irresistible swirl of rushing floods, in which unsuspecting persons were caught without warning. In one instance, years ago, a gay party on a four-horse trolley was enthusiastically exploring the wonders and beauties of Turkey Creek canon, near Golden, Colo. Gathering rainclouds failed to cast a shadow upon their high spirits, and no serious thought was given to danger from the rapidly approaching storm, because the tourists were not familiar with the characteristics of the local tempests, nor with the topography of the surrounding country.

The storm suddenly burst with great fury upon the unprepared pleasure seekers and the deluge of water caused them quickly to abandon the trolley and hunt for shelter. Closely huddled against the towering sides of the canon, they soon realized, with anxiety, that they had not reckoned with the forces of nature. The terrific rush of water down the canon sides swept them from their feet, and down to the bed of the canon, where a torrent of water now raged. Despite their struggles, many of the party lost their lives, and those surviving were seriously injured.

Another instance was the great flood at Johnstown, Pa., and the more recent was the disastrous flood at Pueblo, Colo., where the toll of lives, and property damage, reached enormous proportions.

As a protection against such terrible events as these, a system of huge telephone transmitters and amplifiers has been produced which will throw the human voice a distance of four miles. Extensive tests have been made with this apparatus, which have proved the practicability and success of the endeavor. These tests were conducted in the Catskill mountains by a specially trained group of operators. A tower, thirty feet high, was erected to hold the gigantic amplifiers and the immense projectors which measured fifteen feet in length and four feet in height.

To determine just how far the human voice could be heard with these aids, was accomplished in rather a weird manner, because the time selected was at night. Four men took up previously agreed-upon stations, at distances of one, two, three, and four miles from the tower. As the time drew near for the experiments, the four men applied matches to specially prepared torches, which gave large flaring flames.

Meanwhile at the tower were gathered a party of men chosen to observe the tests, and who interestedly watched the tiny flickering torches in the distance. When the "zero hour," or time set for tests, arrived, the operator at the tower took his place before the transmitter of the apparatus, and in a natural tone of voice, ordered the far-off men to wave their torches.

Breathlessly the watchers at the tower peered through the inky blackness at the flickering points of fire, and the nearest torch was seen to describe vigorous circles in the air. Exclamations of satisfaction came from the watchers, which rose to a shout, as the second, then the third, and finally the fourth torch was seen to dip and wave wildly in the darkness, thus showing plainly that all the men had heard the command. The operator at the transmitter then spoke to the men again, in reply to their ready signals, and bade them wait for further instructions.—H. A. Lane in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Reasonable Statement.

The creator of strange new beauty has a right to demand so much (attention) from anybody who undertakes to pronounce judgment. Is it too much to ask? I don't imagine, for example, that my own flair for strange new beauty is special and extraordinary, a thing that could not be cultivated by any lover of old-fashioned beauty who honestly desires to cultivate it. For beauty is ageless, eternal and one, recognizable under all differences of form.—Baltimore American.

APPRECIATED GIFT OF SHOES

Mismatched Footgear Eagerly Welcomed by the Unfortunate Children of Wretched Armenia.

A shoe factory in Boston recently offered the Near East relief a consignment of mismatched shoes—offered them doubtfully, not knowing whether such a gift would be acceptable. Nevertheless, the gift was joyfully accepted by the organization, and the old shoes were more than eagerly received by the little folks in Near East relief orphanages.

For children in Armenia are no different from children anywhere. They love new shoes. Although those shoes were not mates they were without holes, they were shiny, they were solid and they creaked. They were, in short, shoes—real shoes—and when one has been entirely shoeless for a long time, or has worn at best old, worn-out pieces of shoes, shoes full of holes, which have not seen polish for so long that they are quite the color of the earth—even mismatched shoes, that are shiny and new, seem a veritable boon from heaven.

And the mismatched shoes meant for the Near East children more than pleasure. They meant health itself. A recent report from an overseas worker contains a simple statement which makes one realize the larger value of the gift.

"As a result of giving shoes to the children," the statement reads, "dispensary cases dropped from over forty to about twenty."—New York Herald.

Eddie Knew!

Eddie is a high school freshe. He is enthusiastic over sports, and, with his father, has witnessed practically all of the wrestling matches held recently in Indianapolis. His teacher had urged the pupils to attend at least one of the Shakespearean plays scheduled at a local theater, and finally asked whether any of the pupils had ever seen Robert Mantell.

"Yes," put in Eddie without a moment's hesitation, as he recalled the name of Al Mantell, a noted wrestler. "I saw him wrestle Jack Reynolds." The sally was good for a big laugh at his expense.—Indianapolis News.

Makes His Coats Last.

Frank S. Stone of Westboro, Mass., says the Boston Globe, has worn the same overcoat for 35 winters, and he says it is good for ten more. For bitter cold he has a heavier coat which has been in service for only 20 years. Stone says styles travel in a circle, returning on the average every five years, his 35-year-old coat having been to the height of fashion seven times.

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